foaming towards the sky, while others drop blossoms like tears of blood upon the ground, tortuous trunks of chocolate sport a silvery basket-work of stems encircling them, and everywhere a mauve sheet of small blooms carpet the ground.

I once heard a brave officer of Gurkhas, who had given an arm at Dargai, complain that he had been " disappointed in the hills— saw none of this wonderful beauty there."

May I remind my gallant friend that the Kingdom of God is within us, that the whole world of the senses lives and moves and has its being in the brain. It is there that the rhodo-dendrons are red, that the meteor shoots, that the deodar sighs. If he go to the hills to meet nature as a lover to the embrace of his mistress, she will not fail to keep the tryst.

Anglo-Indian hotels are in some respects unlike any others in the world, for they are filled with people all members of the same class and of the same way of living, and also full of what Kipling has called " a

great know-
ability." It follows, therefore, that the cross-
currents of more lives have been mingled here
than in any other similar establishments. Each
great hotel has its own special characteristics.

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